

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Covid Santa"

The scenery starts off with a slow pan from a drone cam  
And a drone operator with cold hands  
A Body Bag Ben beat bumps, a chime from a grandfather clock  
Made of pinewood with walnut studs  
A pearly red unfinished sleigh bed of carbon fiber  
One can only guess to fly higher and faster from being lighter  
Pieces of liquor bottle shards crunched atop squeaky floorboards  
Screens on walls flashing off and on, Weather Report  
Killington Vermont, Whistler, Snow King Resort  
Black Diamond conditions travel restricted and closed off  
A shipment of hummingbird broth was lost  
Because it couldn't get across  
Mrs. Claus had a psychotic blow off  
And that's why we were called, but now that we are here  
We are seeing things are much more deeper than we thought  
The whole compound was a pigsty, black mold in the carpet  
Mouldy half-eaten cookies, milk rotting in cartons  
The elves moved all the factory equipment out of the way  
Twice a week they throw raves, Nora En Pure deejays  
Mrs. Claus doesn't know what to do, she just stays  
In her room, they say she has a Fentanyl problem too  
OK, Mrs. Claus is the spouse, for now we can rule her out  
But we need to find the man of the house  
They say he's in bad shape, just look at the landscape  
I don't care if it's man-made or not, it's a damn shame  
Mrs. Claus stopped payment  
The Goods Department ran out of patience  
The elves are working for terrorist organizations  
Rudolf's nose is sick, he can't walk for shit  
He's certified fit for service but he's got bone cyst  
Dancer and Prancer have capped hocks in fluid blocks  
We're wondering what Santa's gonna do when the music stops  
In our first conversation we asked Mrs. Claus  
About her GPS ankle bracelet, she remained complacent  
We asked Mrs. Claus, "Can you please take us to Santa?"  
She looked over at one of the elves, wouldn't give us an answer  
Now this elf was whistling Amazing Grace and didn't say much  
Looked like he had a pistol tucked, straight thug  
He said he was a playa in the global human settlement layer  
And he accepted revenue from Lord Maitreya  
Another elf said, "We'll take you to Santa  
But we need your passport, phone, radio, and your helmet camera"  
I complied, gave him all four without blinking an eye  
They opened the door and took me outside  
We walked downrange to a Buckminster Fuller building type frame  
With a door that had a cryptonite chain  
I almost couldn't believe, I heard the whirling sound

Of a machine you would use to help somebody breathe  
At first, I see bare feet, the EKG beep  
I move closer, then I see rosacea in both cheeks  
I see tubes carrying red blood out of two man boobs  
To a machine, then back into a hand turned blue  
I was so confused, I turned around to the elves  
And said, "What in Satan's name have you done to yourselves?"  
One of the elves stepped forward  
He said, "This is hard to ignore, but I owe you an explanation  
I'm not a doctor, but I'm not an impostor  
I'm a medical proctor, and I don't think he's got much longer  
You see, lactic acid is green, uric acid is orange  
Sulfuric acid is yellow but Santa's is much darker  
His citric acid is clear, I know that I'm a fast talker  
But he's gonna die without the proper anatomic markers  
'Cause his interstitial fluids have been mixing with unknown  
Biopollutants turning him into some kind of mutant"  
In other words, technically Santa's entire genomic integrity's  
In great jeopardy's what he said to me  
And he's been treated for the latest strain, he's positive  
Non-homologous, we contacted Dr. Oculus  
Our last communicae' placed him in two hours away  
But I should warn you if he's not here, we have to operate  
"Operate how? Here? Sure, there's wrecked shit everywhere  
This is a fucking sanitary nightmare!  
Good idea, glad you're in charge, you're doing a great job  
Look at him! Don't you think Santa looks a bit gone?"  
Antibody dependent enhancement, what are Santa's chances?  
Don't they make an ?ulcerated? cream for cancer?  
You little shit, you be using my phone to look at dick pics  
When I was your age, I used to work at the Big Dig  
Fluorescent, illuminated X-rays, polyethylene death sprays  
From a nuclear submarine's wet bay (Yay!)  
You are pathogenically primed for prime time  
The meter says 9, 9, 9, 9  
And now Christmas is fucked, I hope you're satisfied  
What you gon' do now Santa done died?